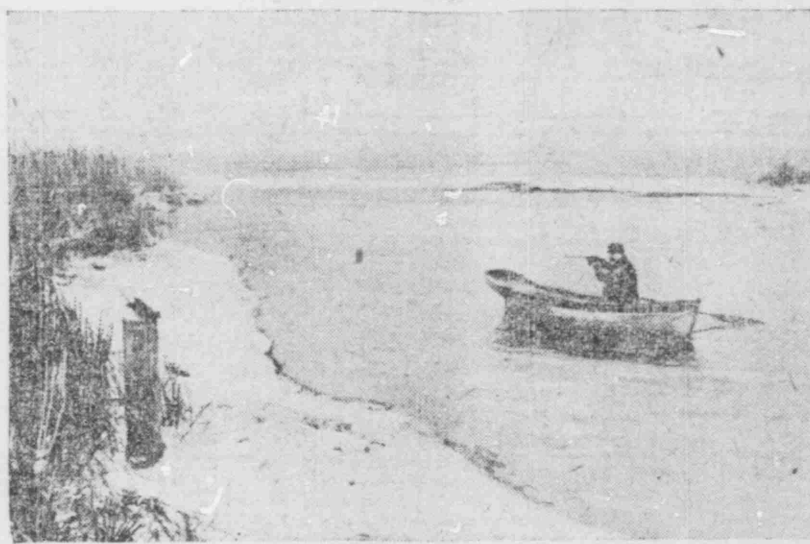


SLAUGHTERING THE BIRDS FOR THE METROPOLITAN MILLINERY MARKET



SIGHTING A CLOUD OF BIRDS ABOVE THE MARSH.



AS HE COMES DOWN STREAM HE PICKS OFF A BIRD OR TWO.



HE DECOYS A STRAY BIRD BY HIS LONG-PRACTICED CALL.

FINE feathers make fine hats, and the lives of the birds are considered in the trimming of women's headgear in this age, save by a few men and women who look at the question from a humane standpoint.

There is always some one who must break the rocks in life, and there is some one who must shoot the birds, that women may wear them on their hats. One of these "some ones" lives in New Jersey on a bit of marshy ground, between the villages of Fairview and Ridgewood.

This some one is James Field, who shoots birds because they mean his daily bread and because he finds no pleasanter or more congenial and easier way of making a living.

Why James Field Shoots Birds.

Mr. Field does not shoot the birds because he likes to kill things, but just because a gun came into his hands when he was a boy and it never fell out again, to stay for a very protracted period. He shoots the birds as a matter of course just as women buy them for their hats.

Mr. Field lives quite by himself enjoying the sun and keeping out of the rain. On the rainy days he does nothing but smoke and look over his gun and traps. On the bright ones he is up with old Sol himself and out on the water by the time the first ray of the sun have touched his home.

A bird shooting outfit is not extensive. A gun, a boat, and a set of traps, and the bird shooter lives on and is contented and happy, and by his efforts makes many a woman so.

Kills Seventy Birds a Day.

Mr. Field shoots at least seventy birds a day; sometimes he bags eighty. For these he receives from 5 to 10 cents apiece, and is fast growing rich. It depends greatly upon the condition of the bird's skin how much he gets for it, and the more valuable birds he traps rather than shoots.

Out in the marshy land a long black pole can be seen against the clear sky. On the top of this pole is a cross piece. At the foot of the pole is a little "slack" made of cattail reeds, and in this Mr. Field "squats" and waits for the birds to alight on the cross pole.

These reeds in the marshes are at least three miles apart, and are the only places the birds can light on, save on a reed, and they come to the cross poles in large numbers.

Mr. Field must necessarily pursue some set method in shooting—one would hardly call it hunting—in the marshes. He never visits the same pole twice in one week. He has six of them and the birds never fly to the same pole twice in the same week. Whether it is because some of the unlucky flock of the day before or Mr. Field can't say, but he has grown so accustomed to watching that he can pretty nearly tell on what pole the birds will alight in the morning. There are certain flocks of birds that flutter over the marshes, and these Mr. Field watches with all the interest that Euphemia evinced for the pelicans, only for vastly different reasons.

To sit and wait in marshy land in a "blind" of cattails isn't very pleasant, and when a flock of blackbirds settles down, Mr. Field says he has great difficulty in repressing a sigh of relief, no matter how cold blooded it may sound, for by this time his feet are a little

cold, and his pipe gone out and refuses to comfort him.

He uses a shotgun altogether. In this way he is enabled to shoot a number of birds with a single shot. The birds settle down on the cross, one by one, but not until they are all resting does he fire, and then it is with marked effect, and as the wounded fall he retrieves them himself, as he does not like to hunt with a dog.

He tries to wound, not to kill, for to wound means a shot in the leg or wing with him, and a very little mutilation of the dainty little body, while to kill, means a riddling more or less of the neck and a pecuniary loss to him, as a whole skin always brings more than a mutilated one.

When he rows down a branch of the river in the early morning he very often "picks" a bird here and there. There is a short post that was at some time driven into the swamp, and where a bird or two sometimes alight, this Mr. Field always keeps his weather eye on as he nears it, and invariably catches a little black-winged fellow perching on it. When he does, up come the oars, there is a report, and a dead bird is the result.

When lying in his boat in a little creek out in the solitude of the marsh listening to the sounds of nature all about him and the rattle of the water against the boat's side, a sudden little chirp brings him to a sitting posture, and the gun goes to his shoulder, then another little bird that has lighted on a cattail for a second becomes his victim, and that sweet chirp that would inspire a gentle thought in another mind only serves to bring the gun into play.

The hills of the muskrat serve often as rests for the bird shooter. He finds them exceedingly good places for a look-out, and sometimes spends two or three hours on one of the rush houses smoking and looking about the marsh for approaching clouds of birds. When they are within easy shooting distance he fires, and several little black things flutter down near him. These muskrat hills must have been put there for something, he argues, and he thinks he has discovered the something.

At his house in the yard are more evidences of his business. Just as a fisherman's nets hanging over his poles tell you what he does for a livelihood, so do the traps bear witness in this

yard. These traps are no more nor less than the simple snaptraps that every boy has set some time or other in his life. They are arranged with a string, a stick and a small box. Every night these traps are set and every morning by the time Mr. Field is ready to dip his oars in the water they are filled.

Sparrows come in great numbers from the hills down to the water to drink and are lured into Mr. Field's traps by crumbs that mean the most inviting repasts to these wild things of the air. Mr. Field does not like to smother the little things, so he makes a small hole in the end of the box. Some of the traps he has arranged like a beer bottle case, the kind that holds two dozen bottles, with open squares on each side, thereby forming a crossed framework that lets in the air.

Another Method of Trapping.

Another way Mr. Field has of trapping his birds is with circular traps. These he takes up on the hills and sets where the wilder, more beautiful birds are found. The circular traps are set in the grass, and in the middle is placed a small, shiny "bug," a metal af-

fair, used to attract the eye of the bird. The instant the bird pecks at the "bug," the traps springs. Here the little fellow must suffer until the bird shooter comes to put him out of his misery.

Sometimes in the spring a little yellow bird flies into this trap, sometimes a woodcock, for they are not so wary but that they are caught this way, but the woodcocks are very rare, and when Mr. Field catches one he rejoices, as the feathers sell well.

Does Not Work on Sunday.

In this way, summer and winter, save on Sundays, and on that day the birds are protected by law. Mr. Field shoots the innocent little creatures, and all for "vanity, vanity" and women, and when you say to him that, if he did not shoot and provide the feathers, women would not wear them, he shakes his head, and says:

"You cannot fool me that way. I tell you what, if one did not shoot the birds for the women, I believe they would shoot them themselves, and one could not see a woman do that just to satisfy her vanity."

"DOWN WITH THE NAZARENES," IS NOW THE REBEL SLOGAN THROUGHOUT MOROCCO

THE rising of certain Arab tribes against the government of the Sultan of Morocco has caused great uneasiness among the residents of Tetuan, the part of Morocco on the east coast of the neck of land which stretches northward toward Gibraltar.

The cause of the outbreak is said to be the outcome of the policy pursued by the Sultan of introducing Western inventions and methods of government.

Kabyle Tribes Cause Trouble.

The wild hills which stretch toward the interior of Morocco are the homes of the Kabyle tribes that have caused the trouble. The first report stated that the particular tribes in rebellion had demanded of the governor of Tetuan the release of several Arab prisoners, one of whom was the murderer of a European. However, it was not clear from the report who the European was.

The reports of the recent murder of a missionary at Fez state that the murderer was dragged from the sanctuary town of Muley Edris and put to death by the Sultan's order. This being the case, the murderer whose release was demanded could not have been the missionary's assassin.

The unprecedented action of the Sultan in using such drastic measures in dealing with a murderer has no doubt contributed to the outburst of rebellion among the Kabyles.

Further reports state that a town guard was sent out from Tetuan and was met by the rebellious tribes. The latter put the town guard to flight, compelling it to return to Tetuan.

British Warships Sent For.

The incident caused great alarm, especially among the European residents and three British warships were sent from Gibraltar. These warships have now returned, and it is thought there will be no more trouble, for the present at least, as the rebellious tribes have been forced to retreat by the Sultan's troops.

The Sultan has by his efforts to better the condition of his subjects, gained the bitter enmity of the more fanatical Moors, who resent his attempts to introduce modern ideas.

Desired to Stop Extortion.

The Sultan desired, for instance, to prevent the extortion practiced by his officials by paying them regular salaries. This naturally brought forth a wall from the official class, and while not



A EUROPEAN'S CAMP IN THE SQUARE AT TETUAN.

These photographs were taken by an English party during a recent journey from Tangier to Tetuan and back through the Anghera Mountains. There is scarcely anything more than the roughest of tracks between the two places, no made roads existing. All provisions and camping apparatus had to be carried with the party, who, on arrival at Tetuan, camped, as shown, in the center of the soko, or market square, the baggage mules being tethered in line to form a kind of fence in front of the tent.



THE SOKO OR MARKET SQUARE AT TETUAN.

openly ascribing their ill-feeling to that cause, they have no doubt incited rebellion by appealing to the anti-European feeling among the Moors.

Town of Muley Edris.

The town of Muley Edris, from which the murderer of the missionary was taken, had been until quite recently an inviolable sanctuary and few Europeans had ever visited it. In fact, a few years ago it would have been impossible to have gone within five miles of the town without running extreme danger. Now the place is slightly more accessible to Europeans and tourists from other countries. No European is permitted to enter any mosque in Morocco and to look in too curiously at the doors is not advisable.

Surrounded by Wall.

Muley Edris is surrounded by a massive wall, over which is seen the dome of the Marabout, and near the town are some remarkable ruins known as Kasr Pharaon (Pharaoh's Castle). They are, however, not connected with any Pharaoh, but are really the remains of the large Roman city, Volubilis, one of the westernmost posts of the Roman empire in Africa.

THE PROGRESS OF WOMAN—BY KATE THYSON MARR

WE hear so much of the progress of woman that it would seem that more man will be eventually relegated to the back-ground, there to sit keeping the chimney warm, smoking his pipe of peace, while incidentally during the family history, giving his spouse time to attend her club meetings and ventilate her opinions of the intricate mysteries of statecraft.

If the so-called progressive woman keeps progressing in the multiplicate ratio that has signaled her during the past several years, the men will never in the world be able to withstand the onslaught.

This same mere man may have the courage to face shot and shell, or any mighty upheaval, save and excepting always those wherein woman is the antagonizing element, but before the wrath of a determined and aggressive woman, the bravest man degenerates into a craven, having but one purpose—to tremblingly seek an egress of escape—and run—and never stop running.

The spirit of independence so rampant among women of the present day is the spirit of unrest, the spirit that leads to crime, the spirit that brooks no restraint, the spirit that rebels against all domestic ties, and which leads to the final destruction of the home.

Women cannot stand independence. Nature intended that she should be dependent upon the man to be loved and protected, and the moment she essays to steer her own bark, that moment she drifts with the whirling currents.

A fortune in her own right is often the most dangerous possession for a woman. It served as the basis of self-communings that no reason exists as to why she should yield in any respect to any controlling influence. If she escapes the restraints of home, the chances are that she will make a sorry fizzle of her life.

Women who have never known the exigencies of the hour fancy that success and prosperity have only to be sought, when they will gladly meet you more than half way with hands munificently laden. But those whom fate and circumstance have combined to force into this mad, wild game of chance have bitterly realized that such ephemera are as elusive as the soaping effervescent soap bubble that fascinated our childish gaze.

An indolent woman is a disgrace to herself and to those needing her ministrations, for the home affords at all times an abundant outlet for her energies and her industry, should they be properly directed.

Every woman fancies that it would be an easy matter for her to earn her own living—that she has an infinitude of resources within herself which, if the necessity arose, could be remuneratively marketable, thereby allowing her the independence she so longingly craves. Perhaps, if she paused to reason out such life problems, she would hesitate before taking the plunge into the busy, maddening vortex of struggling wage-earners. She does not consider that the invasion of women into almost every avenue of trade and profession has so overstocked the market that service value is at a terribly depreciated premium; that for every woman who succeeds there are thousands in the throes of a continuous bread riot; that women of brains and opportunity work from dawn until midnight, year in and year out, for the barest pittance before they are warmed and encouraged by one gleaming ray from the sun of prosperity, if they ever are.

The tears, the failures, the discouragements, the bitter disappointments, are the landmarks leading to success. There are at times phenomenal exceptions, but these are the minorities silhouetted in strong contrast on the dark pall of unrequited struggle.

The woman who is protected in her home by the tender care of a father or husband fails to appreciate the blessing, from the fact that she knows nothing of the heart-burnings of those who, whether sick or well, happy or unhappy, must meet an employer with a smile and, like a well-regulated automaton, go through the part assigned her with set lips that guard the secret of a heart never breaking. If women weighed well these issues they would oftentimes hesitate before recklessly severing the ties that bind them to home. If that refuge of discontented women—alimony—were abolished, divorce courts would not be working overtime, with its grunting docket weights down under its accumulations. It is the anticipation of this award that encourages many discontented women to venture upon a step where otherwise

they would more patiently bear the vicissitudes of environment.

American women are too aggressive in their straining for progress. The eager ambition that craves the first place, stains the records of clubdom and other female organizations with minutes of petty spites that would be pitiable were they not so absurd.

Women are such chronic objectors. The clubs that have lately sprung up for the amelioration of nearly everything under the sun, past, present and future, have a highly spiced flavor of imbecility in many of their aims and objects.

The last election of municipal officers in the city of New York caused an unwonted upheaval among the galvanized-minded ladies. They anticipated official patronage and the installment of a new mayor by making their demands through break petitions that women should be awarded certain offices and enjoy the emoluments pertaining thereto, and an ironclad municipal purity league established themselves in sumptuously appointed quarters just opposite the court house for the purpose of exercising a sort of espionage over the powers that be.

My heart always goes out in tearful sympathy to the dear meekly suffering legions of these bustling, bustling females who are forever agitating something or somebody, and cannot understand how mothers of families can spare the time to attend mother's meetings, political meetings, reform clubs, temperance lectures, and the various conclaves that discuss conditions that in

common parlance is none of their business, but which the females of the day seem to regard in the light of personal grievances. This still hunt for some outlet for her views and opinions is too wearing upon a woman, and the reaction mental and physical is sure to come sooner or later.

There is no denying that a woman's brain is just as receptive as a man's, but she infers in accordance with the intuitions that govern her, and lacks the reasoning faculties that while deducting conclusions bring to a man though by a slower progress a permanent success.

A woman is too often permeated with a weakness for posing. A conspicuous position is grateful to her vanity, whether as society leader, or as the exponent of graceful accomplishments. It

flatters her vanity to fill a unique position, which becomes painfully evaded through the bitter feuds waged among them for the first place in the various organizations that attract public attention.

A woman seldom accepts defeat gracefully as do men, but she gathers about her rivals followers that constitute an embryo rival organization. A man laughs off the situation, treats the crowd, and resolves to enter the lists again at the earliest possible opportunity and test his strength when pitted anew against his opponent. They may resort to a little by play of fisticuffs, but even then it generally ends with a handshake and the feud is called off. Not so with a woman. If she begins to dislike she soon learns to hate, and that, too, to the bitter end, and with a venom that knows no antidote, and the amount of small meanness and petty annoyances that one spiteful woman can invent to use against another would need a new decalogue to cover.

The so-called progress of woman with its bombastic incitations to a higher education has not uplifted woman, from the fact that it tended to lessen the influence of home.

It is from the ranks of the bachelor girls and superannuated spinsters that the advocates of these agitating movements should be recruited. We all know that the faded children and husbands of old maids are made to order, consequently perfect, but the mothers know that if they tried to reduce to practice the theories of these old-maid-mothers' clubs the corner very likely would be called upon to perform his duty.

The woman who poses conspicuously in the public eye is far from being the lovable woman whom men and women alike delight to honor. The moment a woman stands in the glare of the limelight that moment she becomes the target of criticism, the butt of personalities, if not of coarse jests.

I do not refer in any way to women forced by circumstances to go before the public in order to earn the wherewithal to feed and to clothe those who are dear to them. Such women are sacred, and the struggle embosoms them in the sight of God and man, but I speak of women, who, having good homes and who, protected by love and care, elect

to make public exhibitions of themselves by aping a man's prerogative and debasing for the sake of notoriety all that is most lovable in the true womanly woman's nature.

I have never yet heard a man express himself in favor of woman's affiliation with these latter-day organizations, but I have and do know many who are heart-broken over the baleful influence of such an infatuation as wives entertain for the so-called woman's progress to the sacrifice of home and all that should be most sacred to the heart and mind of a true woman.

A woman who becomes absorbed in her clubs and other attractions outside of home, essays more than she is able to physically endure, and in time is reduced to nervous wreckage akin to prostration.

Home duties, no matter how exacting or pregnant with care, are nature's dower to the woman, but the harrowing of self-imposed obligations gleaned from the outside world inoculates a woman with a sense of bustling importance that causes her to deteriorate. The argument that a woman's mind is broadened by association with other women through the interchange of ideas, is a mistake. A woman's mind is not broadened, but by imbibing from others she institutes a long drawn-out series of comparisons between her own lot and the lot of others, and from contrasts and comparisons germinate the spirit of discontent.

A woman who had before been perfectly satisfied in her home and found delight in fashioning her baby's belongings, after a few visits to her woman friend's club fancies herself horribly abused because she has not the time to devote to the promulgation of ideas that sprout in her foolish little head after a few club inoculations, when that same small head has never before been equal to the strain of one original conception.

Women's clubs should be more properly called schools for scandals, and if you are a purveyor of gossip shop curries, antiques, and otherwise, where old family skeletons are dug up, riveted, elaborated, decorated, picked clean, soiled with mud, turned and exposed to every shade and shadow of good and bad lights, there is no place where the fad can be more copiously & strenuously indulged than in the conclaves devoted to the so-called woman's progress.

THE LAST RITES FOR THE NATION'S DEAD

For it's "Three rounds blank," an' follow me! An' it's "Follow me—follow me—follow me!"

SANG Kipling of a soldier's funeral. To those who live in the neighborhood of a military post such a burial is nothing of a novelty, but to many the laying away of one who has worn the uniform of the nation is a happening of which only the vaguest notions are entertained. Yet there are few things that so emphasize the solemnity of death as the simple last honors given according to the service code.

It was only a few days ago that a friend of mine died at the Marine Barracks. His tour of duty extended over twenty years, and he wore a sergeant's stripes. Fully half the Marine Band turned out for that last short march to the grave, the first stage in life's latest, loneliest journey. His rank entitled him to sixteen file, and six men in full-dress uniform, 16 pallbearers, walked slowly beside the hearse.

As the coffin was carried from the house, flag-draped, slowly and reverently, arms were presented and the band played "Near, My God, to Thee" until the burden was placed in the hearse and the doors of glass closed. Of carriages there were many, and of mourners not a few; and there were many, too, whose curiosity hesitated not to rush into the sacred seclusion of tears.

Chopin's "Funeral March"—and, yet sweet, blending the sorrow of death with the promise of immortality—rose on the crisp air, tender and soothing. Then

came the sound of muffled drums, then other dirges, until the bell above the cemetery gate intermingled the discordant clang of its brazen note with the strains of solemn melody. At the gate came silence, as though one should not disturb the peace of the City of the Dead. Only the low tap of the drums resounded.

And then the grave was reached. "Near, My God, to Thee" was heard once more as the coffin was placed on the cross poles above the narrow little home. At one side stood the firing squad, presenting arms; for death confers a rank. Though he had borne no commission in life, it was different now. More than chevrons or shoulder straps signify this cloth-covered coffin, and this flag that all but hides its outlines, somber in their meaning.

And now to the head of the grave stepped the clergyman, to begin the communion in life. It was different now. A crowd of the curious gathered near, crowding as close as possible, yet always avoiding certain little mounds, whether marked of marble stone or not. Curiosity, ever bold, often cruel, is sometimes perhaps unconsciously, almost reverent as well.

"I am the resurrection and the life," saith the Lord.

The crowd pressed closer. Far away the Potomac gleamed blue in the glory of that autumn afternoon. Only the shrill whistle of a passing train, telling of this our busy world, and the voice of prayer, speaking of the world that is to be, broke the silence.

"We brought nothing into this world,

and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

There was a dull creaking of straps; the narrow house was tenants at last. "Earth to earth; ashes to ashes; dust to dust."

From somewhere in the throng came the cry of a babe in arms. The cradle and the grave were ever neighbors.

Now the service was over and the crowd fell back.

"Elevate your places," cautioned the corporal commanding.

A sharp, crackling report; a bluish vapor in the air; while little shreds of paper fell snow-like over the open grave. Again the pieces were loaded, with the snapping click of the breech mechanism; again they were discharged; and once again, for a third time. Then, to the head of the grave stepped a bugler. He put the instrument to his lips. "Taps" were sounded—the soldier's last good-night. The notes, rising and falling, echoed, re-echoed among the hills, then died away.

It was over; certain mute-like beings stepped forward in shirt sleeves to fill the hole. With a quick step the columns turned back to the barracks. They were scarcely out of the gate ere a lively march took the place of the dirge of a moment ago. It was back to the ranks of life again, and the over-occupied world that learns so soon to forget.

Take 'em away! 'E's gone where the best men go.

Take 'em away! An' the gun-wheels turnin' slow.

Take 'em away! There's more from the place 'e done 'is duty with the timber

and the drum.